YOU CAN'T PLAY IN OUR YARD ANYMORE.

WORDS BY PHILIP WINGATE.

MUSIC BY H.W.PETRIE.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE
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"YOU CANT PLAY IN OUR YARD ANY MORE."
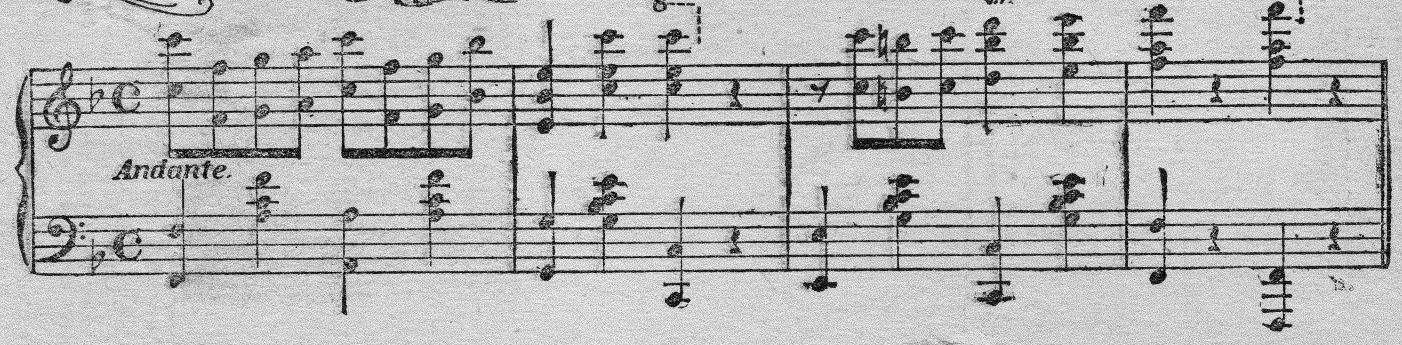


Words by Phillip Wingate

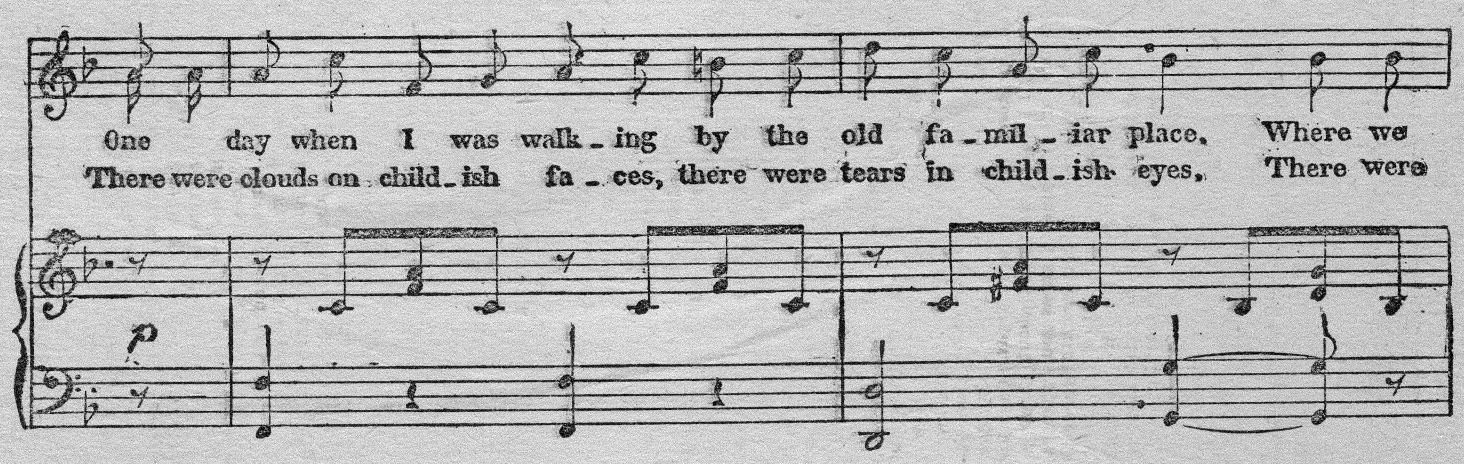
SONG
—with Refrain—
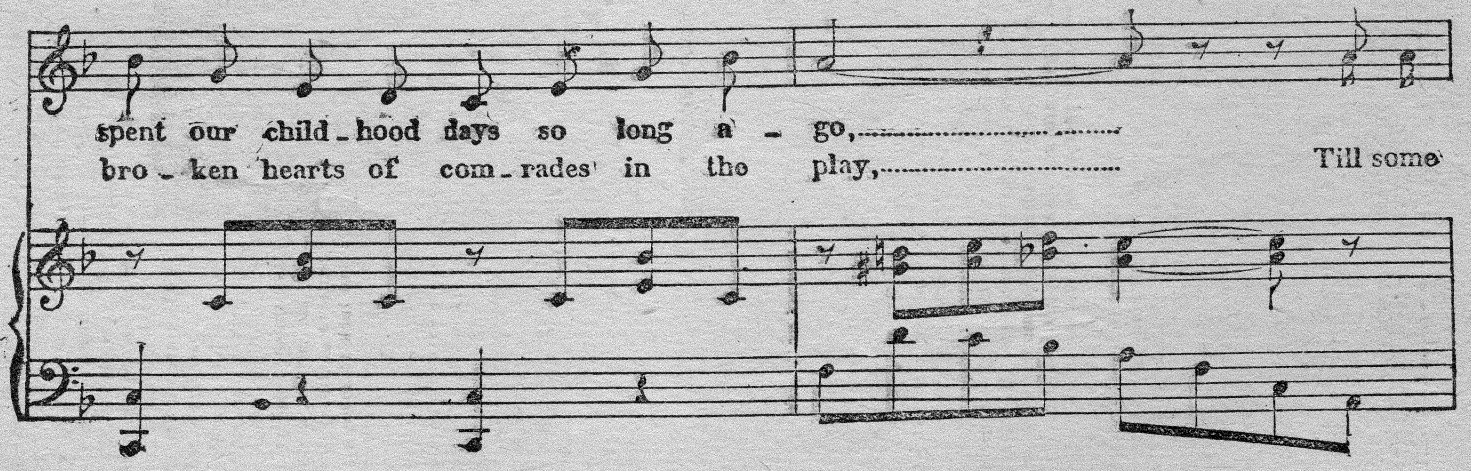


Music by H.W.PETRIE



One day when I was walk-ing by the old fa-mil-iar place. Where we
There were clouds on child-ish fa-ces, there were tears in child-ish eyes, There were



spent our child-hood days so long a-go,.....
bro-ken hearts of com-rades' in the play,..... Till some



saw the chil - dren laugh - ing at their sports and games so free, Just the
gen - tle sweet peace - ma - ker with a lov - ing kiss or two, Came and

same old fool - ish games we used to know..... Some at keep - ing store were playing, counting
drove the ba - by troubles all a - way..... In this life we are but children with our

f

ev - 'ry pin a cent, Some were bak - ing lit - tle pies of mud,..... And their
jeal - ous - ies and strife, With our an - gry tears and lips that pout,..... And we

tr

child - ish voi - ces call - ing in their quar - rels as of old Sent a
gath - er up our dish - es and our lit - tle dol - lies clothes, And go

tin - gle of re - mem - brance thro' my blood.
run - ning home to moth - er with a shout.

Refrain. *(tearfully.)*

You can't play in our yard a - ny more.

You can't play in our yard a - ny more, It's all right for you, I

know what I'll do, You can't play in our yard a - ny more.